

case is upon you. Why should you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not so," answered the wife, keeping back the tears. "I will not leave him now. But he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel Bryan entered the apartment. Even Moses Felton was startled by his appearance. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat on and his jug in his hand.

"Ah, Moses, how are ye?" he gasped, for he could not speak plainly.

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence. Then as his features assumed a cold, stern expression, he said in a calm, but strongly emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your next best friend but one. My sister is an angel—but mated to a demon. I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved before, but you were noble, generous and kind, but I hate you now, for you are a perfect devil incarnate. Look at that woman. She is my sister—the only sister God ever gave me. I wish her to live with me, but she will not while you live; but when you die she will come to me. Thus do I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely pray that the first intelligence which reaches me from my native place after I shall have reached my home, may be that you are dead!"

Bryan gazed on the speaker some moments without speaking.

"Moses," he at length said, "you are not in earnest."

"As true as Heaven, Daniel, I am. When I know that you are dead I shall be happy, and not until then—so go on. Fill your jug and—"

"Stop, stop, Moses. I can reform."

"You cannot. It is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough—enough to reform all the sinners of creation—and yet you are now lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus shall see mourners free!"

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up.

"Go," he said, with a tinge of that old, powerful sarcasm that had often electrified a jury. "Go to Ohio, and I will send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post."

With these words Daniel Bryan hurried his jug into the fire-place, and while yet its thousand pieces were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary fell fainting to the floor. Moses bore her to a bed, and then, having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month, Daniel Bryan hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die.

"One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of all stimulants from a system that, for long years, had subsisted almost on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and take no more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and break my oath! Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy or rum ever killed me! If the want of it kill me, then let me die! But I won't die! I'll live—live till Moses Felton shall eat his words!"

He did live. An iron will conquered the messenger death had sent, and Daniel Bryan lived. For one month he could not even walk without help—joyful, prayerful help. Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the Court House at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who was indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had Bryan looked so noble and commanding, and never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court room and met Moses Felton.

They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where no others could hear them, Bryan stopped—

"Moses," he said, "do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you take them back? Unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes—with all my heart."

"Then I am in part repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an honest, unperjured man! The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was the happiest of the happy. No allusion was made in words to the strange scene of one year before, but Moses could read in both the countenance of his sister and her husband, the deep gratitude they did not speak.

And Daniel Bryan yet lives, one of the most honored men of Vermont. Five times has he sat in the State Legislature; thrice in the Senate, and once in the National Congress; and he is yet a noble man, and an ornament to society, declining all offers of public office, from the fact that his profession is more lucrative, while plenty of others want the offices which he cares not for.

GREAT OLD AGE.—A French convict was condemned for crime at eighteen years, in the year 1724, to suffer imprisonment for the term of 100 years. The convict served his time, was discharged, travelled on foot to Lyons, and laid claim to an estate that belonged to him, and in settlement thereof he received the sum of £4,500. Among other interesting cases was that of Donald McDonald, who, at the age of 107 years, was sent to the house of correction for disorderly conduct, and afterwards, at the age of 137, came to a premature death, by falling down stairs. Another case was mentioned, of a Russian, who lived to the great age of 168 years; he married for the third time at the age of 93, and lived in all of the enjoyments of matrimonial bliss with his wife for a period of fifty years! Another case is mentioned of a man who, at the age of 69, testified in court to an event that took place 140 years before.

A facetious gentleman named Hunt, of Williamsburg, Mass., dining upon a tough fowl in a Boston hotel, asked the landlady where the fowl came from. "From Williamsburg," "Impossible," said Mr. Hunt, "for the town hasn't been incorporated over forty years."

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.

FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 11, 1868.

Republican Nominations



FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

VERMONT.

For Electors at Large—GEORGE W. GRANDEY, of Vergennes; H. FAIRBANKS, of St. Johnsbury.

For Elector—Third District—GEORGE WILKINS, of Stowe.

The State Fair.

FIRST DAY.

BURLINGTON, Tuesday Evening, September 8, 1868.

The State Fair is auspiciously opened. The day has been all that could be asked, both from a weather and a business standpoint. The fine rain of yesterday has laid the dust, purified the air, and assured everybody that, once cleared up, the weather may be counted on as favorable. Very considerable additions have been made to the animal departments since we left the grounds last evening. The "Halls" were entirely unoccupied, but to-night they are well filled. Among the arrivals of animals is the fine herd, or, more properly, the three herds, of Carlos Pierce, of Standeish, P. Q. First in the list is the fat, shorthorn grade ox, Gen. Grant, weighing 5,000 pounds. Then follow five thorough-bred short-horn bulls, seven thorough-bred and one grade short-horn cows, two years old, and one yearling heifer and six calves, all thorough-bred. This stock is all of the "Princess" and "Bates" families, noted for their milking qualities. His contribution of Dutch or Holstein cattle consists of one three years old bull, one cow, and two heifers. This he believes to be "the coming stock," and he is now making a considerable importation of them. In Jerseys he is doing something, and exhibits here a fine bull, a cow, and two calves.

L. S. Wright, of Weybridge, exhibits quite a herd of short-horns, evidently of the beef families. No particulars in regard to them could be obtained.

Shedd and VanSicklyn, of Burlington, got their much-praised herd upon the grounds at so late an hour that we were unable to inspect them, and we reserve them for future notice.

L. S. Drew, of S. Burlington, exhibits an Ayshire calf which is the admiration of everybody. We were amused to see the eyes of the "old fogies" stick out as he was led upon the ground. We happened to be standing with several of the leading short-horn men of the State as he passed them, in praising him. He is the only Ayshire on the ground. A gentleman quite largely interested in that breed told a friend in our hearing last evening that the classification of breeds in the premium list is such as to debar them from exhibition on terms of equality with other breeds, and they decline to show.

Of working oxen there is quite a display, but we have not had time to look them up. Orris Ballard, of Georgia, has a pair, and also some horses on exhibition, which is the extent of the Franklin County contributions so far as we have been able to learn.

The sheep show promises to be good but they come in slowly, several lots having arrived just as we were leaving the ground.

Mechanic's Hall promises now to surpass anything in the past, and we do not recollect having seen a better display in Floral Hall. The contributions from our County are very meagre and by no means creditable to the County. The St. Albans, Franklin, Co., shows a Mowing Machine, a gentleman from Swanton a new Horse Rake, O. C. Wait of Georgia some early Rose Potatoes, and there are some few contributions in Floral Hall.

To-morrow and Thursday will be the great days of the Fair, and we expect to see a rush of people. The Horse display will commence to-morrow and for four days we may expect all else to stand in abeyance to a considerable extent. Tastes differ and we are willing that all should be gratified hence we withhold comments.

SECOND DAY.

BURLINGTON, Wednesday Evening, September 9, 1868.

The day opened unpropitious, and hundreds who designed attending were prevented by the rain. There have been, however, very considerable accessions to the exhibition since we left the grounds yesterday. Shedd and VanSicklyn's short-horn herd is worthy of especial mention. There is also quite a show of Ayshires, L. D. Roberts, of Fairfax, contributing a two years old bull and three yearling heifers. Wm. G. Bellows, of Fairfax—a cow, two calves, and a yearling bull. D. S. Cleveland of Frank-

lin—a cow and a yearling bull. Carmi Osgood, of Westford—a yearling bull and a yearling heifer. Peter Leclair, of Winooski—a bull and a heifer. Among new arrivals of sheep, we notice a fine contribution by Mr. M. D. Abbott, of Fairfax, and several from Chittenden and Addison Counties, prominent among which is that of Mr. Frank Barton, of Waltham, a flock bred by Wm. R. Sanford, of Orwell.

Where there are so many fine animals it is very difficult discriminating among them, and the wonder to us is how, in the loose way they do business in our Fairs, Committees can arrive at any just conclusions in regard to the award of premiums. The New York State Agricultural Society have adopted a series of scales of "points of excellence" for judging animals, and each Committee is furnished a clerk who registers the decision of the judges upon each of the "points," and when the animals in competition shall have been examined, the columns of "points" are footed up, and the animal having the greatest aggregate of points is entitled to the award.

One of the attractions of the morning was the entry upon the grounds of the VanAmburgh Menagerie. The pageant was very imposing, and, notwithstanding the rain, which was falling quite heavily at the time, the streets were full. Our young folks all "went in," but we were obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of so doing. They pronounce it "no humbug," which, at this time may be considered most positive praise.

The afternoon was fair, and the attendance all that could be hoped for.

Contributions were offered in every department, but were most numerous in the halls.

THIRD DAY.

BURLINGTON, Thursday Evening, September 10, 1868.

This is the great day of the Fair. Committees make their examinations, the address is delivered, and, all other things being favorable, the attendance of visitors is usually double that of any other day. The morning was murky, hot, and foreboding, but the day, although at no time bright, yet almost oppressively hot, was, on the whole, quite acceptable and well improved by the sight-seeing portion of our people.

We do not venture to estimate the number present, but we heard it estimated by others as high as twenty thousand. Hon. John A. Griswold, the next Governor of New York State, said that if he was asked, when he got home, what he saw in Vermont, he could at least say that he saw the people of Vermont.

We do not believe in copying after any body in particular and a servile imitation in any department was heartily condemned as any body can but we do nevertheless believe that it is possible to "go it alone" to our own hurt sometimes. That an organization of the character of our State Agricultural Society should offer premiums on thorough bred cattle and then repudiate the only acknowledged test of purity, looks to an outsider like the sheerest puerility. It is quite on a par with feeding sugar plums to a crying child when you know past a peradventure that you are doing the child irreparable injury.

We believe the public sentiment requires that no premium be awarded to any animal in breeding classes that cannot show a verified pedigree, and we believe that our society is the only one that has ever lowered the standard. The society on the other hand has honored itself in securing a very able committee on that class of cattle, most affected by the waving of the pedigree rule (—the Shorthorns) the chairman of which is M. H. Cochrane, Esq., of Compton, P. Q. the leading Shorthorn breeder of Canada.

Another departure from established usage, in deference to an obscure wording of the premium list, gave considerable dissatisfaction and one herd, that of Messrs. Winslows of Putney, was withdrawn from competition for herd premium in consequence.

But the world still moves, and the motive power is the people, and when the people come forward and do their duty to the society, they will find it ever ready to respond. Vermont is almost the only State in the Union in which the State does absolutely nothing for the advancement of its own dearest and most vital interest, and the people should not be to exacting of a society that has grown despite their neglect rather than by their encouragement, to be one of the most instructive of all our public institutions, for whatever may be the effect upon the individual contributors to the show, the educating influence is immense, and, in the main, in the right direction.

Up to this time none of the more important of the committees have reported though most would have been returned ere this but for the universal desire to hear the address.

We hope to be able to forward the list of awards complete to-morrow morning.

O. S. B.

A correspondent writes from Ellenville, Florida: "We are all gloomy—the caterpillars are sweeping over the cotton crops in East Florida generally. April planted cotton will not more than average one bale to ten acres; March planted, one to five."

New York Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 1868.

Now that the glorious sunshine and skies and breezes, &c., of September are fully come, the town puts on a livelier look. The summer wanderers are returning, and their presence here, coming as they do with the bright tints of the woods and meadows, adds vastly to the sprightly look of the principal promenades. Gay Broadway, especially, is bright with all the colors of the Autumn. So blooming with beauty and fashion that it is a kind of luxury to walk that magnificent street on a sunny afternoon. It is a wonderful street, that Broadway, and particularly now, in the early flush of the Fall fashions, and don't we New Yorkers feel proud of it, though?

There are any number of women and men who would rather lose their dinners than lose their walk in the afternoon on the West side of the great promenade street. We speak particularly of Broadway, because Broadway is New York, and the gay and freshened look of the street shows that the city has fully passed from the somewhat sleepy moods of the Summer.

We have not had time to ascertain if these watering-place people bring back any alarming quantity of the Grecian beard and others of the ridiculous fashions which have so stirred up the laughter of common sense people during the Summer. We presume they do, however; for this matter of fashions is worse than the measles in running its course. A woman—men do not have the Grecian beard, do they?—a woman once taken with a severe attack of the Grecian beard can hardly get through with the nonsense of the thing in one season. Some harsh things might be said of this Grecian business, it is so comically, so ridiculously and stupidly silly—but there, pschaw! what would be the good? What excellent wives and mothers these women will make, who are liable to periodic attacks of the Grecian beard! Bah! We, of course, ought not to write this paragraph, but somehow the pen will wag in just this same way, for only a few hours ago we saw, O! such a representation of this most incomprehensible of fashions!

The perfect silliness of some of the watering-place journalists is shown by the report that a young lady up town who has just returned from Saratoga, has eighteen newspapers containing descriptions of her different toilets at the "hops." The utter bosh of all this Jenkinsism during the past season, afflicted some of our best journalists. Even the dignified *Tribune*, describing the toilets of ever so many Flora McFlimseys. In the name of common sense we would like to know who in the world cares a fig or a rush for what was worn at a hop by Miss somebody whom nobody ever heard of? Possibly, however, it is all of vast importance. We wish some one would point out the importance to us. Until this is done we doubtless shall insist on declaring that the long, sweeping pole of journalism ought not to be devoted to the knocking off of such small perissomons.

Fashions are rattling along at such a rapid rate that already we have published here, long descriptions of the October styles. You will not expect us to wade through them all and give them to your readers, for you may remember that we have not renounced our bachelorhood, consequently are not given to the study of fashions—and couldn't master them if we tried. We only know that the bonnets are to be fully of the size of an ordinary thumb nail. As for chignons, we don't know yet whether they are to be twice or thrice the size of the head, or whether they are to be worn on the neck, or on the top of the head, or carried in a basket. And as for the rest of the fashions, we must confess something of our ignorance, however deplorable.

Everybody is plunging heels over head into politics. "Mad as a March hare" don't begin to describe the condition of these dreadful politicians. Don't come here now if you have the slightest predisposition to insanity. The political madness is wonderfully catching. If I should take all day for it, I should hardly begin to tell you of our political doings—our mass meetings, our speech-making, our processions, our clubs, and drums and fifes. "O that night or Blucher would come." [Vide Wellington's speeches.] And so, many a brain-racked man here feels like saying: "O that these spouting politicians would dry up, or that November would come!"

The "Wickedest Man in New York"—you have heard all about him. He has been about as much talked of as he had been a Presidential candidate. Some affect to doubt his reformation. In regard to this we would simply give the following from the *Tribune*: "The Wickedest Man" has at last been converted. At the prayer-meeting, yesterday, he said that God had forgiven his sins, and that henceforth he should lead the life of a Christian man. It was reported that "Shanghai" Hadden, "So-joe" Brown, and "Kit" Burns had offered the use of their rooms for prayer meetings. A religious meeting in Mr. Burns' dog-pit would indeed be remarkable. The religious fire lighted in John Allen's Water Street dance-house bids fair to become a roaring flame and spread over the land. The coming winter will

evidently be a season of intense religious excitement. There, that's what the *Tribune* says editorially.

Louisa Lewis, aged 25 years, was arrested on Monday night for being drunk and disorderly in the street. She was committed to the Spring Street Police Station, and yesterday morning she was found dead on the floor of the cell. A post mortem examination showed that the internal organs were much diseased—the result of dissipation. The physicians were of opinion that death was caused by disease of the kidneys. During the inquest, it transpired that the real name of the woman was Adaline Peek, and that her parents and many of her other relations in this city were wealthy. Several years ago, she was married to a wealthy merchant. The marriage was an unhappy one; the husband procured a divorce, and the wife entered evil paths. Since the death of her father, her mother had refused to recognize her. During the past two years she was very dissipated, often suffering from delirium tremens, and being periodically arrested by the police for disorderly conduct. O, the strange stories of broken hearts through all the great city.

But little change in general trade which is at all noteworthy.

W.

News and Miscellaneous Items.

Gov. Curtin thinks that Pennsylvania will give Grant a heavier majority than was ever before cast for a Presidential candidate, and that Seymour will not get a single Northern State if the tide keeps on rising. He believes the vote of Vermont will be the key-note of the final result.

In a paper sent by the Mayor of Savannah to the General Land Office, the following statements appear: Savannah has a population of about 40,000—three-eighths white and five-eighths black. Value of real estate, \$11,108,842. She has twelve lines of coast steamers, and a line to Liverpool will start in November.

A Paris newspaper contains the following interesting advertisement: A father wants to find, for a son, a school where he could get a healthy and manly instruction, and where the teachers do not fill the heads of the boys with humbug stories about nations which died and were buried thousands of centuries ago.

As to Lee's patriotism, where are the evidences of it? When a parcel of demagogues, in 1851, began an insurrection, whose avowed object was to overthrow the Union, and disgrace and exterminate the flag, Lee deserted from the army and went over to the enemies of his country. Was that the act of a patriot?

The Memphis Post says that J. B. Farnham, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Young Men's Seymour Club of that city, has run away with \$250 of the funds of the Club. He has also left his boarding-house keeper in distress. He was a "carpet-bagger," from Michigan, and a thorough Democrat, carrying out the principles of the party in his private life.

The Chicago Custom House returns show the receipts of 160,619,600 feet of lumber during August, 41,022,150 feet more than for the same month last year. The total receipts from January 1st to August 31st were 659,317,249 feet an increase on last year's receipts, during the same period, of 157,117,234 feet; The total receipts of shingles this year amount to 371,772,000, being 101,936,000 in excess of last year.

Special Notices.

Missisquoi Springs.

ESOMUS, Aug. 29, 1868.

For a long time I had been afflicted with a very serious disease of the Kidneys. I was not able to turn over in bed without help, and it was thought by all my friends that I never should recover. All medical treatment had been without effect. The disease was complicated by a scrofulous affection. I tried every remedy, used the water of Mineral Springs elsewhere without avail. The Missisquoi Spring water was tried by me in 1866, and I continued its use for several months, till I entirely recovered and am now in better health than ever before. I consider this water a specific for Kidney and Scrofulous complaints. It has been so in my case.

ALANSON SAMSON.

VALLEY HOUSE,

Franklin Co., Vt., Aug. 17, '68.

I have been afflicted with Catarrh for three or four years. In February last I had it very severely. In April commenced the use of the Missisquoi water. The discharge was very heavy and troublesome, but continued to lessen until to-day I am entirely well. The many remedies I had taken under the best medical advice had proved unavailing, and I owe it to others similarly afflicted, to state that the Missisquoi water has been, in my case, the one only effective means of cure.

CHARLES SMITH,

Northampton, Mass.

Twenty-five Years Practice

In the Treatment of Diseases incident to Females, has placed Dr. Dow at the head of all the physicians making such practice a specialty, and enables him to guarantee a speedy and permanent cure in the worst cases of Suppression and all other Menstrual Derangements, from whatever cause. All letters for advice must contain \$1. Office, No. 9 Endicott Street, Boston.

N. B. Board furnished to those desiring to remain under treatment.

226 Broadway

Information. INFORMATION guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair upon a bald head or a beardless face, also a recipe for the removal of pimples, blotches, eruptions, etc., on the skin, leaving the same soft, clear, and beautiful, can be obtained without charge by addressing

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist, 823 Broadway, New York.

NEW CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS, JUST received WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

TRUNKS OF ALL KINDS; TRAVELLING Bags of all kinds, at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

TRICOT Socks at WM. N. SMITH & CO'S.

ADDRESS To the Nervous & Debilitated.

WHOSE sufferings have been protracted from hidden causes, and whose cure requires prompt treatment to render existence desirable: If you are suffering or have suffered, from involuntary discharges, what effect does it produce upon your general health? Do you feel weak, debilitated, easily tired? Does a little extra exertion produce palpitation of the heart? Does your liver, or urinary organs, or your kidneys, frequently get out of order? Is your urine sometimes thick, milky, or frothy, or is itropy on settling? Or does a thick scum rise on the top? Or is a sediment at the bottom after it has stood awhile? Do you have spells of short breathing or dyspnoea? Are your bowels constipated? Do you have spells of fainting, or rushes of blood to the head? Is your memory impaired? Is your mind constantly dwelling upon this subject? Do you feel dull, listless, mooping, tired of company, of life? Do you wish to be left alone, to get away from everybody? Does any little thing make you start or jump? Is your sleep broken, or restless? Is the lustre of your eye as brilliant? The bloom on your cheek as bright? Do you enjoy yourself in society as well? Do you pursue your business with the same energy? Do you feel as much confidence in yourself? Are your spirits dull and flagging, given to fits of melancholy? If so, do not lay it to your liver or dyspepsia. Have you restless nights? Your back weak, your knees weak, and have but little appetite, and you attribute this to dyspepsia or liver-complaint?

Now, reader, self abuse, venereal diseases, badly cured, and sexual excesses, are all capable of producing a weakness of the generative organs. The organs of generation, when in perfect health, make the man. Do you ever think that those bold, defiant, energetic, persevering, successful business men are always those whose generative organs are in perfect health? You never hear such men complain of being melancholy, of nervousness, of palpitation of the heart. They are never afraid they cannot succeed in business; they do not become sad and discouraged; they are always bold and pleasant in the company of ladies, and look you and then right in the face—none of your downcast looks or any other meanness about them. I do not mean those inflated by running to excess. These will not only ruin their constitutions, but also those they do business with or for.

How many men, from badly cured diseases from the effects of self-abuse and excesses, have brought about that state of weakness in those organs that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease—dyspepsia, indigestion, neuralgia, spinal affections, sciatica, and almost every other form of disease which humanity is heir to, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever suspected, and have doctored for all but the right one.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a Purgative. HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT OF CATHARTIC is the great Diabetic, and is a certain cure for diseases of the Bladder, Kidneys, Gravel, Dropsy, Organic Weakness, Female Complaints, General Debility, and all diseases of the Urinary Organs, whether existing in Male or Female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing.

If no treatment is resorted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the health and appearance, and that of posterity, depend upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

Helmbold's Extract Cathart. established upwards of 18 years, prepared by H. T. HELMBOLD, Druggist, 504 New York, and 104 South 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Price—\$1.25 per bottle, or 6 bottles for \$6.50, delivered to any address. Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

None are genuine unless done up in steel engraved wrapper, with fac-simile of my Chemical Warehouse, and signed

H. T. HELMBOLD.

226

"It Works Like a Charm."

Have you Headache? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you Toothache? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you Neuralgia? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you Rheumatism? Use Remne's Magic Oil
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Have you Sciatica? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you a Bruise? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you Cramps? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you Chol. Morbus? Use Remne's Magic Oil
Have you Lameness? Use Remne's Magic Oil

This is the best family remedy, to cure all kinds of pain, you ever used.

It is clean, safe and delicious to use, and you use it faithfully, it will do you good.

Directions on each bottle. Buy of the Druggist or Merchant where you trade. If they have not got it on hand they will send for it, at your request, and sell you the genuine Remne's Pain Killing Magic Oil, at the manufacturer's lowest price at retail.

Wm. REENE, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, Pittsfield, Mass.

Sold in St. Albans by all Druggists, Weeks & Reynolds, Grocers. In Swanton Falls by D. T. Morrill.

[179-ly-sow]

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